

those who passed along this short, bow-shaped street. In 1831 he moved to the other side of the way into a larger shop, but one of lower rent, and here he continued for twenty-two years. He maintained a large family during this period, but laid up no wealth; "nor," observes his memoirist, "did that seem an object to one so fond of ancient books and reading." The stock on his shelves was notably strong in Americana, but it included choice foreign publications and rare copies of works out of print. The shop became the resort of such men as Sparks, Hildreth, Prescott, Bancroft, Everett, George S. Hillard, Starr King, Edwin H. Chapin, the editors Joseph T. Buckingham, George Lunt, and Nathan Hale.

Mr. Drake's own historical work was continued without cessation all through his bookselling career, which closed only with his death, in June, 1875, at the age of seventy-seven, and books or pamphlets issued from his pen almost every year. In 1832 he brought out his *Indian Biography*, the next year *The Book of the Indians*, three years later *The Old Indian Chronicle*, and *The Book of the Indians*, with large additions; in 1841, the last mentioned further enlarged; in 1844, *Indian Captivities*. The collection of historical material relating to the Indians which he made in connection with these and other works was said to be unrivalled. Between 1852 and 1856 he published his largest work, *The History*

and *Antiquities of Boston from 1630 to 1770*, issuing it in parts; and a few years before his death he began the preparation of a new volume continuing the history to 1821, the year of Boston's incorporation as a city, but this was not completed. In 1860 his notes on the *Founders of New England* appeared, and in 1869 the *Annals of Witchcraft*. Most of his works are now "scarce." He was a founder of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and was the father of *The Register*, the quarterly publication of this society, serving as its publisher for thirteen years, and its actual editor for nine and a half years, although his name appears as the editor of six volumes only. His valuable library, containing at the time of his death fifteen thousand volumes and thirty thousand pamphlets, including many rare titles, was subsequently sold by auction and scattered. This sale was one of the earliest of the now famous sales of Americana during the last twenty years—the Aspinwall, Brinley, Barlow, Leffingwell—which have given such a distinct value to early American books as merchantable wares.

As an indication of the contracted social spirit of Boston, it may be remarked that Mr. Drake never received, at the hands of his contemporaries, the honorary tributes fairly due to his scholarship and his literary performance.

Edwin M. Bacon.

THROUGH THE NIGHT.

The silver tendril of the stream
Winds through the cavern of the night,
And, hush, there floats across my dream
A cygnet bathed in pallid light.

The moon's cold eyeball stares not down
Upon the wondrous freight it brings,
Hung round its archéd neck, a crown
Of pearls and silver blazonings.

And while it trails adown the tide,
My senses smothering 'neath the gloom
And silence that gulf all beside,
Hail the white glory of its plume.

Hail the clear starlight of each gem,
Bound in the frost of time's disdain. . . .
A hand grasps at the diadem,
When sudden, all is black again.

Thomas Walsh.

LONDON LETTER.

We have had a good season. There has been no such great boom of any single book as has marked some previous years; but, on the other hand, nearly every book of merit has done well, and the total volume of business has been larger, perhaps, than it has ever been before. In actual sales, I believe that Marie Corelli's *Murder of Delicia*, Ian Maclaren's *Kate Carnegie*, and Rudyard Kipling's *Seven Seas* have taken the lead, but judging by the reception of Mr. Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy*, at the time of publication, I should think it is likely to surpass all the books of 1896 in popularity. It promises to make a very deep impression.

The Robert Louis Stevenson meeting has just been held at Edinburgh. Lord Rosebery presided, and was the orator of the occasion. It does Lord Rosebery great credit that he is willing to go about the country and take the chair at meetings of this kind, and make speeches which must cost him considerable reading and labour. It cannot be said that they are important or remarkable speeches; they are best described by two adjectives of his own, "plump" and "respectable." They are long and solid, and contain a good many facts, and reflect fairly well an average sensible opinion. But there is no depth of insight or striking felicity of phrase to be found in them as a rule, although it must be admitted that in his speeches on Burns Lord Rosebery at some points rose above himself, and said really felicitous things. It is unfortunate that a man meaning so well, with so many gifts and advantages, and after a career of such promise, should apparently end in what is, after all, a decided failure in every field. Lord Rosebery suffers from a singular want of tact. He is one who never opens his mouth without putting his foot in it, and he is strangely unresponsive to the influences of the outer world. Thus he said, in his Edinburgh speech, that nobody would think of a statue to Stevenson, and that it would be well if the Edinburgh statues were possessed by devils and rushed violently into the sea. As a matter of fact, Princes Street is an open-air sculpture gallery, the finest site

for statues to be found anywhere in the world. Some of the monuments in that noble thoroughfare are magnificently successful, particularly the Scott Monument, and many of Stevenson's friends, including the very closest of all, are of opinion that the proper form of memorial would be a statue beside Scott. No doubt when Lord Rosebery realises this he will come round to the general opinion, for it is characteristic of him to hesitate and waver if he has against him the strongest battalions. Mr. Barrie was induced very unwillingly to appear at the meeting, and to his presence is mainly due the large crowd that was attracted. He said that Stevenson had attracted an amount of personal devotion only to be paralleled in the case of a female novelist, Emily Brontë. Mr. Sidney Colvin and Professor Masson also spoke, but the newspapers gave no space to any one except Lord Rosebery, to whom they are much indebted for filling space during the dull season.

A good many memoirs have been published this year, some of them extremely interesting. Notable among them is the collection of Mr. Augustus Hare's memoirs of his life. Three* volumes have appeared, and I believe the other three are due. Mr. Hare has been very candid in his revelations, and has provoked severe criticism, especially from Mrs. Oliphant in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He deals very severely with his relatives—Mrs. Julius Hare, who was the sister of F. D. Maurice, and Georgiana Hare, who was Maurice's second wife. But when all is said and done, it must be allowed that Hare has collected an immense amount of really interesting matter, of good stories, of striking characterisations. He has a gift which is all his own, and which makes people read his books, even when they do not approve of much that he says. Another volume of reminiscences, which has greatly interested the newspaper world, is one by Mr. Charles Cooper, the editor of the *Scotsman*. The *Scotsman* has been conducted with such wonderful energy and business skill that it has killed all its rivals in Edinburgh,

* Two in the American edition.